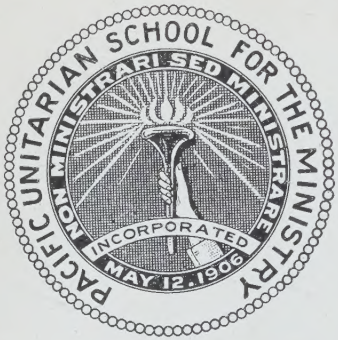
The Lincoln Monument

UNVEILED IN EDINBURGH
AUGUST 21, 1893

E
457.6
S3
1893
GTU
Storage

IN MEMORY OF

SCOTTISH-AMERICAN SOLDIERS



BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

CHARLES WILLIAM WENDTE

OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/lincolnmonument0000vari

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT, EDINBURGH.

THE

LINCOLN MONUMENT

IN MEMORY OF

SCOTTISH-AMERICAN SOLDIERS

UNVEILED IN EDINBURGH

AUGUST 21, 1893

Property of
CBSK
Please return to
Graduate Theological
Union Library

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCXCIII

1893

E
157.4
53
1893

901
.638 Li

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE UNVEILING,	5
COLUMBIA'S GARLAND,	26
PRESENTATION OF LOVING-CUP,	30
COMPLIMENTARY FAREWELL DINNER,	44
LETTER FROM THE EDINBURGH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,	80
THE STORY OF THE MONUMENT,	82
CONCEPTION AND COMPLETION,	87
LETTERS OF INTEREST,	92
LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS,	96
FINANCIAL REPORT,	98

16075

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT, ... *Frontispiece*

MISS BRUCE UNVEILING MEMORIAL, . . . *To face p.* 14

AFTER THE UNVEILING, ... " 24

THE LOVING-CUP, ... " 30

IN OLD CALTON BURYING-GROUND, . . . " 88

UNVEILING

OF THE

MEMORIAL TO SCOTTISH-AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

(The descriptive matter in the following pages is taken from the 'Scotsman' and the 'Scottish Leader': the addresses from stenographic report and speakers' notes.)

THE memorial to Scottish-American soldiers, which has been subscribed for by American citizens, primarily through the instrumentality of Hon. Wallace Bruce, United States Consul, Edinburgh, was unveiled yesterday afternoon in the Old Calton Burying-Ground. Outside the gates a large crowd gathered by four o'clock. Keen was the anxiety to gain admittance to the ancient cemetery, but only those provided with cards of admission were permitted to ascend the stairway. On the old Calton Hill, and at the Waterloo Place windows, were many spectators, who could wit-

ness the ceremony, although debarred from hearkening to the speeches. The arrival of the band, pipers, and guard of honour, some 250 strong, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was the first event of importance. Under the command of Captain Cavendish, the men, with band and pipers playing alternately, had marched from the Castle by way of the Mound and Waverley Bridge. There was a very large assemblage of those invited. The monument, draped in the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, stood a few paces to the northward of the plain circular tower commemorating David Hume, the historian. Near by was erected a convenient platform. It was decorated with three banners—the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, and the Scottish Standard, and there was an edging of heather along the platform front. Round this the soldiers formed, and the spectators pressed behind the Highlanders. There were many visitors from across the Atlantic, and the half-hour's wait amid so many reminiscences of the Scottish past would under better weather conditions have been spent with interest. The Old Calton graveyard contains many stone links with former times, and the most prominent is the massive obelisk raised in honour of the political martyrs of 1794—Muir, Palmer, Skirving, Gerrald, and Margarot, who were banished the country for their

political opinions. Unfortunately the weather was not of the best, a boisterous south-west wind, which had been blowing all day, being accompanied by showers of rain just as the time arrived for the commencement of the interesting proceedings. From its elevated position on the Calton rock the burying-ground was swept by the blast, and umbrellas were of little use. Precisely at half-past four the platform company made their appearance. The Lord Provost, Bailies, and Councillors were in full robes of scarlet and white, and were attended by the city officials. Lieutenant-General Lyon-Fremantle, Commanding the Troops in Scotland; Captain Ewart, his aide-de-camp; and Colonel Hannay, of the Highlanders, were in uniform. The Chairman was Sir William Arrol, who had on his right Hon. Wallace Bruce, the Lord Provost, General Fremantle, and on his left Bailies Walcot and Macpherson. Amongst those present were — Councillors Cranston, Pollard, Mortimer, Eunson, Telfer, Scott, and Murray; Mr Skinner, Town-Clerk; and Mr Morham, City Architect; Sir Charles Dalrymple, Bart., M.P.; Rev. Professor Christie, D.D., Pennsylvania; Mr Geo. E. Bissell, sculptor; Mr Henry R. Heath, New York, Chairman of Monument Committee; Hon. Allen B. Morse, United States Consul at Glasgow; Miss Bruce and Miss Burton.

Dedicatory Prayer.

The Rev. Professor Christie, D.D., Pennsylvania, engaged in prayer as follows: Gracious and ever-to-be-adored Jehovah, Thou art our God, and we will praise Thee, our fathers' God, and we will exalt Thee. Thou art the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by whom we have great freedom of access to Thee at all times. Be pleased to be present by the influence of Thy Holy Spirit, and move upon our hearts that our prayer may come up before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of our hands be as the evening sacrifice. Be graciously present, and smile by Thy presence upon this interesting ceremony. We thank Thee, our heavenly Father, that we may come into Thy presence with interest pertaining to ourselves as individuals, and to the nations to which we respectively belong. Graciously incline Thine ear unto us at this time as we render unto Thee thanksgiving for Thy wonderful favours shown to the two nations represented here. We desire to thank Thee, our heavenly Father, for that rich inheritance of civil and religious liberty secured to us by the suffering of a common ancestry. We thank Thee also for an abundance of that same spirit in both nations—a spirit that sacrificed treasure and life in defence of that inheritance. We

thank Thee, also, our heavenly Father, for the great resource, power, and influence that Thou hast bestowed upon these lands. May such power never be used to oppress. May it always be used to defend the right, to protect the weak, and to lift up the fallen. Grant, O Lord, Thy richest blessing upon these lands at this time. We thank Thee, O God, for the result of that great conflict which is called to mind by the monument before us. We thank Thee, O God, that it brought liberation to millions of the enslaved, and has bound anew in new bonds of affection different portions of that great land. We beseech Thee, our heavenly Father, to bestow a great blessing upon all who rule in each country. We thank Thee for the result of the recent conference. O Father, as often as troubles arise may these two lands be found appealing to the same tribunal, and may all troubles be brought to an end. And now we invoke Thy richest blessing upon her Majesty, the Sovereign of these realms, and the President of the United States. May their lives and health be very precious in Thy sight, and may they so exercise and administer the great trusts committed to their hands that abundant blessing may come to those over whom they bear authority. Now, our heavenly Father, we commend to Thy care all national interests. Forgive, we beseech Thee, national offences; and wilt Thou

perpetuate to the citizens of both countries the present inheritance, enlarged and purified, and we shall give glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever. Amen.

Address by Chairman of the Day.

Sir William Arrol then said—Ladies and gentlemen, we are met here to-day for the purpose of unveiling a monument to the Scottish-American soldiers who died during the sad strife which took place many years ago in America. Some of these soldiers returned to their native land, and they now can claim the right to be buried within the precincts of this graveyard, in front of this monument, which has been erected by prominent American citizens, who have a love for their land, and have shown the sympathy that they have for those soldiers who fought in the great fight for freedom in the Northern and Southern States. No doubt there are a great many now in this country who do not remember very much about what took place in that great struggle for liberty—for the freedom of the slaves; but those of us who were young at that time had it brought back to our memory when we read that pathetic story, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which was written by a great novelist—a lady who, I am very

glad to say, is still in life. To those of us who were young at the time, this monument appeals more to our sympathy than to, perhaps, the present generation, because such stories are slipping away, as well as the old plantation songs of which we used to hear so much. There is one thing in Scotland that we have always been proud of, and that was our readiness to assist with and take part in any efforts for freedom and liberty wherever these were being made. We in Scotland always considered that we were the freest country in the world, and I trust it will be long before any person can say but what we are the freest country in the world, and that we are and always will be in the van of freedom. We have here on this monument the statue of a statesman—a great statesman—who stood up for freedom and liberty, and the integrity of the empire to which he belonged—(applause)—and I hope that the monument will stand here as an object-lesson for all time to all Scotsmen to stand up as that honest statesman did for his country, and for his freedom, and in defence of the integrity of the empire, and never allow anything to interfere with it. (Applause.) That is an object-lesson to all Scotland to come here and look honestly upon that honest face and that honest man—an honest statesman, who gave up his life for the freedom and integrity of his empire.

(Applause.) In the state of the weather I will not trespass further upon your time, but will simply give way to the next speaker, Mr Henry R. Heath, the Chairman of the Committee in New York that has been interested in getting up this beautiful monument. (Applause.)

Address by Chairman of Committee.

Mr Henry R. Heath said—Sir William Arrol, Lord Provost, ladies and gentlemen, I esteem it a great privilege to be present on this occasion, not only as Chairman of the Scottish-American Soldiers' Monument Committee, but also as a delegate of the U.S. Grant Post, Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, bearing a commission which reads as follows:—

Headquarters, U.S. Grant Post,
Grand Army of the Republic,
Brooklyn, *August* 7, 1893.

Dear Sir and Comrade,—At the regular encampment of U.S. Grant Post, No. 327, Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, held at Headquarters on Tuesday evening, July 11, 1893, you were unanimously delegated to represent this Post at the dedication of the Lincoln Monument at Calton Hill Cemetery, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Enoch Rutzler, *Commander.*
Philip S. Clark, *Adjutant.*

To Comrade Henry R. Heath.

(Applause.) I regard it, moreover, a great privilege thus to associate the first monument erected to Abraham Lincoln in Europe, with some two hundred thousand veterans who were identified with our great American Civil War. There is no soldier's heart of that army, now scattered over a great continent, with representatives in every part of the globe, but will beat prouder as he reads the records of this day's proceedings, and that the Scottish-American soldiers have here been honoured for their valour and devotion on many bloody fields. (Applause.) I regret that Colonel Andrew D. Baird, of the 79th Regiment of New York, the distinctive Scottish regiment of the United States, could not be present, as he anticipated, at this ceremony. This work has not only been one of love on the part of Mr Wallace Bruce, United States Consul, but also of more than sixty patriotic men, to whom the subject was presented. We are also favoured to have as our sculptor Mr George E. Bissell, an army veteran, and a well-known artist, whose study of Lincoln has been faithful and painstaking. (Applause.) As Chairman of the Committee, I desire to thank the Lord Provost, the Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh for their appreciative generosity in granting a burial-plot of ground for Scottish-American soldiers in this historical and beautiful cemetery. May this

monument stand to all time as a loving memorial to the bravery of Scotland's sons in the great struggle of our Republic! (Applause.)

The Unveiling.

At this stage Miss Bruce, attired in a flowing white costume, and having her hair encircled in a band of gold—representing Columbia—drew a cord, which removed the British and American flags that had hitherto veiled the monument. Upon the memorial being exposed to view, a loud cheer burst from the assemblage, and the band of the Highlanders played "Hail Columbia" and "Rule Britannia." Hearty calls were raised for the sculptor, who came to the front of the platform and bowed his acknowledgments. His work, it is the barest justice to say, was very greatly admired.

Cablegram from the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.

New York, *August* 3, 1893.

Wallace Bruce,
United States Consul, Edinburgh.

Have been compelled to change plans. Deeply regret that I cannot come. Chauncey M. Depew.

MISS BRUCE UNVEILING MEMORIAL.

Presentation Address by Hon. Wallace Bruce, U.S. Consul.

Hon. WALLACE BRUCE, on rising to formally hand over the memorial to the custody of the Corporation of Edinburgh, was received with loud applause. He said — Sir William Arrol, my Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh, ladies and gentlemen, it was expected until a few days ago that Honourable Chauncey M. Depew, the prince of American orators, would grace this occasion. Unavoidable circumstance has prevented him. I know how his genial eloquence would have stirred the warm Scottish heart. Taking his place here to-day, I come with no carefully studied sentences, but with a few notes sketched during a busy week, hoping thereby to voice the emotion and the feeling of this assemblage. There are two ideas, I take it, uppermost in the hearts of the people here gathered—the struggle for freedom, and the martyrdom of its heroes. (Applause.) On the base of this monument just unveiled are the noble words of the martyred President—"TO PRESERVE THE JEWEL OF LIBERTY IN THE FRAMEWORK OF FREEDOM." (Hear, hear.) This is the condensation of all history, from Marathon and Platæa to the last struggle for human rights.

> We measure time by glorious deeds,
> All history is simply this:
> It skips the years; it merely reads
> From Marathon to Salamis.

(Applause.) He reads history to little advantage who sees only a succession of detached and doubtful battles. He is the true philosophic historian who sees the course of Providence on every battle-field, and in the halls of our legislation. (Hear, hear.) He who traces the torch of liberty from country to country, from century to century, from generation to generation—he sees it flash over the hills of Judæa, across the plains of Marathon, through the mountain-passes of Switzerland, by the dykes of Holland, along the shores of Loch Lomond and the Links of Forth, where men struggled for liberty, for human rights and independence. (Applause.) Republic after republic has passed away, monarchy after monarchy has given place to new succession, but the course of individual liberty has been onward and upward—the struggle to give liberty to the individual and freedom to the State. This is the epitome of the history of Britain. Forces for one thousand years have struggled here in this island home. The Saxon, the Gael, the Norman, have furnished the yeast of civilisation, and their descendants nurtured here have carried it all over the world. (Hear, hear.) I stood a

short time ago among the mountains of Saxon-Switzerland, and, as I looked at the river Elbe flowing down to the sea, I thought of the rock-fibre worn away through the ages, carried westward by its waters, bearing on toward your shores the enduring sediment of Saxon freedom wrought out in those old German forests. (Applause.)

This island seems to have been set apart by Providence to transmit this individual liberty to all generations. You have an interesting custom, annually celebrated in many towns and burghs of your country, of Riding the Marches. Tell me where to-day are the marches of Great Britain? Despatch your swiftest ships to the five hundred red-dotted islands of the globe. Visit Australia, New Zealand, India, Canada. Where are the marches of the English language? (Applause.) Is it not the marvel of the world—ay, the marvel of civilisation—that this compact island, gathering up within herself these elements, should have done so much to make sure the cause of freedom? (Applause.) The Atlantic, to-day, is narrower than yonder Forth three centuries ago. Think of those who would have had a message then to send from Edinburgh to the hills of Fife, or of those who, to-day, speak in a single moment to New York or San Francisco. The widest ocean in the world

is the English Channel. Why? Because you must needs translate your telegraphic and telephonic utterance into foreign speech twenty miles from your coast. The Atlantic cable to-day carries a language unchanged all round the globe. Bulwer says —"All war is a misunderstanding." There can be no misunderstanding among peoples, and the nations will learn war no more, when the English language proclaims its final mission of universal brotherhood. (Applause.) British history, my friends, is near to the American heart. We stand among the ruins of continental Europe with reverence. We come and stand here among your shrines with love. Each castle which sentinelled your hill-tops was a school-house for our ancestors. The school-house to-day is the castle of posterity. (Applause.)

We are celebrating across the sea the four-hundredth anniversary of the Discovery of America. Is it too much to say that Columbus waited for John Wycliff, or that the Mayflower waited for Shakespeare? Britain was to be the threshold to the great Continent. The old legend of the giant stepping from Scotland to Ailsa Craig, to Rathlin Isle, and so to Ireland, has been more than realised. The giants of Britain in intellect —your Macaulays, your Humes, your Blackstones, your Miltons—have strided in giant-like marches from every

crag of Britain to the farthermost stones of the Sierra Nevadas. Some time ago I had the honour of giving an address on Scottish literature in the good old town of Ayr. Sir William Arrol was in the chair, and I called to mind the fact that when a suspension-bridge was thrown over the gorge of Niagara, a kite was sent across first. The kite bore a cord, the cord a rope, the rope a cable, until a bridge spanned the channel. I said that Sir William Arrol in his Forth Bridge had built the greatest except one in the world, and that was a bridge of light that spanned the Atlantic: that when the wind blew from the east, it took the kites of Shakespeare, of Shelley, of Byron, of Scott, and of Burns; and that when the wind was from the west, it took the kites of Longfellow, of Whittier, of Bryant, of Holmes, and of Lowell, until the threads were woven together, and a great choral bridge joined the English world. (Applause.) Some of our struggles in America have been the inheritance of our ancestors. The civil war was one of these. We had to fight out the battles of those ideas that we were evolving from it just when our States after the Revolution formed themselves into one nation. This monument in memory of Scottish soldiers is a tribute to brave men who fought there for freedom. I recall a monument to Lord Chatham in Charleston, South Carolina. I think of the Scotch-

Puritan fathers who went from the Trossachs to our Blue Ridge mountains—men who formed the Mecklenburg Declaration that preceded American Independence. I have stood, my friends, in Euchee Anna, near the shore of the crystal lake of De Funiak Springs in Florida, and read upon a monumental shaft the names of the Campbells, and descendants from dear old Scotland, who went into the war fighting for what they considered their right and their duty. And to-day there is no feeling but love across any line or between any State. The Saxon blood is well knit there. I see men in this gathering here who were on different sides of this war. They know the stubborn gallantry of the Anglo-Saxon race. I have heard the battle of Gettysburg described. Perhaps the grandest charge in the world's history was when Pickett moved across that field, doomed to death by artillery from commanding hill-tops; but on, still on, up to the very jaws of flaming cannon, bayonet to bayonet, army against army. Ah, my friends, there was equal bravery, but God was on the side of the Republic of America! (Applause.) Our great country, bound together by its rivers and its mountain-chains, was to remain inseparable for all time. (Applause.)

We have a happy location for this monument—the first ever erected to Lincoln in Europe—in the

most beautiful city of the world. What associations! Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. Yonder Castle, with its history of one thousand years; the Gothic monument of Sir Walter Scott; the noble Forth, tossed by storm or sleeping in sunlight; the old High Street, with its marvellous associations,—what a realm of history and romance, what a wonderful city! (Hear, hear.) We are, moreover, proud to have it here in your historic burial-ground, associated with memories of Walter Scott and of Robert Burns. Over there is the memorial of the representative of Bailie Nicol Jarvie; a little further to the right the unmarked grave of Willie Nicol, with whom Burns lived in Edinburgh. There sleep the Constables, the publishers of Scott's novels. There one of the five "Belles of Mauchline," mother of Dr Candlish, the great preacher, cradled again by his mother's couch. Here the monument to David Hume, whose death followed closely upon the Declaration of Independence; and yonder obelisk—the People's Monument—erected to those who struggled for a wider suffrage, to Muir, Palmer, Skirving, Margarot, and Gerrald, exiled in the cause of liberty. "It is a good cause. It shall ultimately prevail. It shall finally triumph," said Muir. "I know," says Skirving, "that what has been done these two days will be rejudged." We celebrate to-day—the very centenary of that utterance—by

unveiling a monument to the last great martyr in the cause of Saxon freedom—an honest man, who saved us in the hour of our peril. May it stand to all time as a memorial to your heroes who fought for their adopted home beyond the sea—as a resting-place for those who have returned, and have no shelter in the last hour, and as another bond of widening love and friendship between Great Britain and the United States of America. (Great applause.)

Mr Wallace Bruce concluded his eloquent address by reading a formal minute of the Committee of Arrangements requesting the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council to accept custody of the Memorial.

The Lord Provost said—Sir William Arrol, Mr Wallace Bruce, ladies and gentlemen—I have great pleasure, on behalf of the Town Council of Edinburgh, in accepting the custody of this monument, which speaks of so many things at one time. Seeing that the weather is so inclement, I should have been very glad indeed to have followed the example of Mr Wallace Bruce in leaving the poem which was to have concluded his oration to readers of this day's proceedings, and confided what I had to say to the press in written manuscript. (Laughter.) But, alas! I am making a reply, and I have only two or three pencilled notes and cannot

adopt that expedient. There are many reasons, which you can easily divine, why we rejoice to accept the custody of this monument. It is a monument to our countrymen who were engaged in a memorable struggle —a struggle which proved a crisis in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race on the American continent. It is a monument to freedom, and we are glad that we have been able to give a site for this monument in a burial-place where there are other monuments to men who did great things in procuring liberty and freedom. I have just been informed that these proceedings to-day partake not only of an international character, but remind us Scotch people of a struggle for freedom in which we were engaged. The American clergyman who opened the proceedings here with prayer, was born on the memorable field of Bannockburn in Scotland. (Applause.) We also accept gratefully the custody of this monument as an act of courtesy and friendship to the United States of America. We are deeply interested in the United States ; we are materially interested in the United States; we are morally interested in the United States. We owe them a great debt of gratitude for helping us on in the path of freedom, and by showing us an example of freedom, helping those who were struggling for freedom in this country. With their great influence they have done a

great deal to help us in becoming freer than we were in the past. The presence here of the gentleman commanding the army in Scotland, and its officers and soldiers, speaks of itself as a greeting to their comrades in arms in the United States. (Applause.) And I feel that in the inauguration of this monument in Edinburgh and in this burial-place, we have established another object of interest, which must for long years to come attract numerous pilgrims from across the Atlantic. Edinburgh is, as has been said, rich in historic memories. It is rich in memories of great men and of their works, and we are proud to see so many of our kinsmen from across the sea coming here to claim their patrimony in our history, to claim their right to share in our common history, and to admire the objects which remind us of the great events in the common history of the two countries. And I feel, as I have said, that we have now got another attraction for those persons in the possession of this monument within our city. I have the greatest pleasure, therefore, on behalf of the Town Council of Edinburgh, in accepting the custody of this monument; and I can promise you, sir, that we shall guard it carefully and see that it suffers no loss. (Loud applause, following which the band of the Highlanders played "Auld Langsyne.")

AFTER THE UNVEILING.

Lieutenant-General LYON-FREMANTLE, C.B., said—I have to propose a vote of thanks to Sir William Arrol for having presided on such an occasion. I am sure our friends in America will appreciate the fact of so great and good a man presiding upon an occasion of this sort. (Applause.)

Mr WALLACE BRUCE said—I have the pleasure of proposing a vote of thanks to General Lyon-Fremantle for honouring us with his presence, attended by officers and soldiers of the Argyll and Sutherland Regiment, accompanied by the Castle band, who have graced this occasion, thereby contributing so much to this imposing ceremony. (Applause.)

Sir WILLIAM ARROL, in returning thanks, said—It has been a very great pleasure to me to come here to-day. I think the people of Edinburgh ought to be proud of this handsome monument, erected by Americans in this historic city. I am sure that the people who come here for their annual pilgrimage will view this beautiful monument with great satisfaction. (Hear, hear.)

The proceedings then terminated.

COLUMBIA'S GARLAND.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

At the Unveiling of the Lincoln Monument in Edinburgh, in Memory of Scottish-American Soldiers.

ANOTHER clasp of loving hands,
Another link across the sea,
A living word from distant lands
To grace the soldiers of the free;
Columbia, at her Mother's knee,
Unfolds the scroll of Liberty.

A parchment born of bitter years,
Red-lined with blood of martyrs leal,
Dark-stained and blurred by captives' tears,
By dungeon-mould and rusted steel—
A charter sealed beneath the star
That led the nations from afar;

To find a green-girt island home,
With moat outlasting gates of steel,
Whose bulwark was the ocean foam,
Whose drawbridge was the floating keel,
Whereon to bear all round the world
The flag of Destiny unfurled.

Your Magna Charta rode secure
Within the Mayflower's narrow hold,
That invoice made the shipment sure—
A Britain poured in larger mould;
Your Gaelic-Saxon-Norman blood—
The yeast of Time's great brotherhood.

What complex forces strangely wrought,
What lasting victories nobly won,
Since Sidney died and Hampden fought,
Or Milton dreamed of Washington:
Virginia voiced your living creed—
A scion true of Runnymede.

With tendrils reaching west to rear
The highest type of manhood's power,
Born of the soil, without a peer,
Our Lincoln stands the noblest flower
Of freedom in its widening course
From Chatham, Fox, and Wilberforce:

To whom an anxious nation turned
When gathering clouds the sky o'ercast,
A pilot brave with soul that yearned
To guide the ship before the blast;
To hold the faith our fathers knew,
To keep the stars within the blue.

A genius stamped with sterling worth,
Despising juggling and pretence,
His story halos humble birth,
A parable of modest sense;
Endowed to see and do the right—
The Majesty of moral might.

Inspired to set in simple speech
The words that sway a people's heart,
Prophetic sentences that reach
Beyond the realm and scope of art;
The humour of a nation's youth,
The wit of plain and homely truth.

'Twas this upheld the faltering arm,
When hearts were faint and bowed in prayer;
His honest face had power to charm
And ease the burden of our care;
With will serene that masters fate,
He taught the land to trust and wait.

With bended knee and listening ear
He watched the hour to speak and save;
Hark! Bells peal out an anthem clear—
He strikes the shackle from the slave:
That deed completes the work begun
By Jefferson and Hamilton.

Embodied here to stand for aye
In memory of soldiers brave,
Who stood in many a bloody fray
In serried ranks our land to save;
To Scotia's sons we proudly turn—
Descendants true of Bannockburn.

We cannot consecrate this ground,
No deed of ours the debt can pay;
The ray across each martyr's mound
Gets stronger purchase day by day—
Each soldier's grave a fulcrum sod—
The lever in the hand of God;

To lift the world to larger life,
To loftier dreams and nobler deeds,
To broaden faith and narrow strife,
To plant the rose and crush the weeds,
Till jealousies forget their date—
The worn-out cerements of hate.

Through prismed tears let sunlight play,
Secure in joy, redeemed in grief;
One song unites the Blue and Gray,
One glory binds the garnered sheaf—
War's cruel reaping kindly sealed
By brothers of the martyred field.

And so Columbia comes with cheer,
With outstretched hand from o'er the sea,
To place a garland on the bier
Of those who died to keep us free;
And here, beside her Mother's knee,
Unfolds the scroll of Liberty.

FAREWELL TO HON. WALLACE BRUCE.

PRESENTATION OF LOVING-CUP

FROM TOWN COUNCIL, IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBERS, BEFORE THE UNVEILING OF MONUMENT.

YESTERDAY Mr Wallace Bruce must have realised what it is to have one crowded hour of glorious life—that is, if congratulatory speeches and farewell honours are a cause of happiness. The presentation to him of a Loving-cup by the municipality was a high and unusual token of regard, rendered the more interesting as to the form of it by the reminiscences of a time when loving-cups were more cherished and oftener in use. The unveiling of the Lincoln Memorial was a ceremony that had the secondary interest of marking the close of Mr Bruce's official career amongst us; and the dinner in the evening was a great occasion of good feeling and of eloquence.

The presentation was made by Lord Provost Russell in the Council Chambers, where a large and representative gathering assembled to do honour to Mr Wallace Bruce, both in his public capacity and as a personal friend. The company included most of the members

THE LOVING-CUP.

of the Corporation, several leading citizens, and a number of American ladies and gentlemen, both resident in the city and sojourning for a brief period. On the right of the Lord Provost were Mr Wallace Bruce, Mrs Bartlett, Mr Peacock, American Vice-Consul, and Mr J. Wilson Shiels; and on the left Mrs Wallace Bruce, Mr W. E. Bartlett, Mr Henry R. Heath, New York; Bailie Walcot, and Bailie Macpherson.

The Corporation's gift was a handsome solid silver loving-cup of the old Scotch pattern, weighing seventy-five ounces. The three handles were represented by modelled thistles, the leaves of which afforded a good grip of the goblet. The border was also composed of thistles richly chased in *repoussé* work, and the feet were represented by eagle's claws, with a spray of thistles forming an ornament on the cup. On one section of the cup were inscribed the following words:—

PRESENTED TO
HON. WALLACE BRUCE,
CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
BY THE
LORD PROVOST, MAGISTRATES, AND TOWN COUNCIL
OF EDINBURGH,
ON HIS RETIRING FROM OFFICE IN THE CITY,
AS A MARK OF ESTEEM, AND RECOGNITION
OF
HIS SERVICES TO SCOTTISH LITERATURE.
SEPTEMBER 1893.

The Lord Provost, in opening the proceedings, said—Ladies and gentlemen, we are called together here to-day on an occasion which is at once joyous and painful. We are assembled to do honour to a gentleman who has occupied a prominent position among us, and at the same time to say good-bye to him in his official capacity. You know that our friend, the American Consul, Mr Wallace Bruce—(applause)—demits office on the 1st September, and this is his formal good-bye to the Town Council of Edinburgh. We have been fortunate in this country in the ambassadors and consuls sent to us by the United States. They have had the wisdom to send, in many cases, literary men of great distinction, and we feel grateful to the United States for having sent to us, in Mr Wallace Bruce, not only a literary man, but a man whose name proclaims his Scottish origin. (Applause.) While with us he has joined in our intellectual life. His voice and pen have always been ready at the call of the citizens, either in the cause of charity or in the cause of social reunions, and he has achieved for himself a degree of popularity which rarely falls to the lot of one who has only a limited sojourn in the town. I believe that his work as a consul has been well done. We have had, however, consuls from the United States in Edinburgh who have done their work just as well, so

far as looking after business affairs was concerned; but there is a much higher distinction that Mr Wallace Bruce has achieved among us. He has helped to keep alive on both sides of the Atlantic the memory of our great men of the past. He has, still more, helped to bring to the vision of ordinary people the very real personages who never existed in the flesh, but yet throng the historic streets of Edinburgh. (Applause.) He has himself contributed several rills to the stream of Scottish literature, and he has endeavoured—and this is a very practical and serious claim upon our regard in every way—to promote a kindly feeling between kinsmen of the two countries separated by the Atlantic Ocean, and has sought to mix "the Clover with the Heather." (Applause.) The Town Council could not part with such a man without showing him some official mark of their approbation and esteem—(applause)—and we have therefore agreed to ask his acceptance of a loving-cup, as a small acknowledgment of his services among us. (Applause.) I have now the pleasure, in the name of the Corporation, of asking Mr Bruce's acceptance of this small tangible token of our esteem for him personally, and recognition of his grateful services while Consul among us. (Loud applause, amid which the loving-cup, which was greatly admired, was handed to Mr Wallace Bruce.)

Mr Wallace Bruce, who was cordially received, said—My Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of the City of Edinburgh: It seems just like a dream. When a boy I used to read the story of the 'Arabian Nights,' and there was one tale that appealed especially to my fancy and my imagination—the story of Aladdin's Lamp. I imagine that Aladdin's Lamp, with all its beauty, was not half so beautiful as the gift you have presented to me today. And this has something which Aladdin's Lamp never possessed. The rubbing of that only gave the material riches of this world. By touching this with eye or hand, I touch the higher qualities of memory, of affection, of all the courtesy that has made my life for four years so enjoyable in this the most beautiful city not only of Europe but of all the world. (Applause.) I said it seemed like a dream. You can imagine how that dream seems intensified when I tell you that it was four years ago, on the 21st day of August, at a quarter to three in the afternoon—the very hour we are here gathered—that the train steamed into the city of Edinburgh bringing myself and family. The four years are completed to a moment. My Lord Provost, in this beautiful gift you have made me re-conjugate the old verb "To Love" which we learned at our mother's lips. I

can say "I love" Edinburgh, "I have loved" Edinburgh, "I will love" Edinburgh. (Applause and laughter.) I will go even to the last sentence, that when all is done and completed I can say "I shall have loved," "I will have loved," Edinburgh. (Applause.) I thank you from my heart. I have no words that can adequately express my feeling at this time. You have been too kind to me, all of you. I wish I had a higher eloquence in which to express it; but I shall always cherish, when the twilights gather upon the Catskills, and I look out towards the western hills of beauty on the Hudson—I shall always cherish this hour as the happiest of my life. I thank you, my Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh. (Loud applause.)

The Lord Provost afterwards said—I have now the honour to propose the toast of "Her Majesty the Queen." That is a toast which is very easily proposed. Her Majesty's many virtues enable one truthfully and affectionately to refer to her at any gathering promoted for any laudable purpose. It is not necessary, fortunately, in this country, or, I believe, anywhere over the world, to use arguments to persuade people to drink this toast. I shall merely refer to the enormous sympathy and encouragement she gives to art and

literature, her love of peace and goodwill, and of the binding together of peoples. I give you the toast of "Her Majesty the Queen." (Applause.)

The Lord Provost next said—I have now the honour to ask you to drink the toast of "The Prince and Princess of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family." The members of the Royal Family are well known in other countries as well as our own. I suppose that their popularity is world-wide. We always hear of their meeting with the most cordial reception whenever they travel in countries outside of our own. I have therefore the greatest pleasure in asking you heartily and loyally to drink this toast. (Applause.)

The Lord Provost, rising once more, said—I have now the honour to ask you to drink, and drink very heartily, the toast of "The President of the United States of America." (Applause.) His high office demands our respect. The fortunes of the United States and of this country are so conjoined that we cannot view with indifference the government of that country. (Hear, hear.) Bad government in the United States would very soon react on this country. Not only would this be so in the way of example, but our

material prosperity is bound up most intimately with the material prosperity of the United States. And we have at present the spectacle of an able and distinguished man ruling that country at a very critical time indeed. We all just now know the commercial distress which affects so many countries in the world, and among them the United States of America. We all know of the great difficult social and economic problems that are rising up among ourselves, and that have already risen up in the United States—such questions as metallism, whether mono-metallism, bi-metallism, or tri-metallism—(laughter)—questions of free trade and protection, and many other questions which are very difficult to understand, but which we all recognise as underlying the prosperity of the nations. And it can be no enviable office to guide the destiny of a great country when such difficult questions arise for solution. We are therefore thankful to recognise in the President of the United States a man of most upright character, thorough integrity, and clear judgment; and we do hope that under his guidance all these difficult questions will receive solutions which will not only be for the benefit of our kinsmen in the United States, but for our own ultimate benefit as well. (Hear, hear.) I ask you heartily to join with me in drinking the toast of

"The President of the United States of America." (Applause.)

His Lordship added—Mr Wallace Bruce tells me that I may couple this toast with the name of an American gentleman present, who is well known to many of us, Mr Bartlett. (Applause.)

Mr W. E. Bartlett, in responding, said—My Lord Provost, gentlemen of the Town Council of Edinburgh, the honourable duty to which I am called now, in speaking as the successor to the Lord Provost, in the toast of the United States President, leaves me but little to say. The Lord Provost has expressed, I think, in a crystallised form, all that may be expected on an occasion of this sort; and yet I feel it an honour, and a privilege, and a great pleasure, to testify not only to what he has said, but to go perhaps a little further. Mr Cleveland is a true descendant of the British stock. (Hear, hear, and applause.) He has kept, I believe, all the best qualities of manhood. I believe his heart is fully set in him to do right—(hear, hear)—and he has a wonderful firmness of character, and I fully expect that he will honour himself and his fellow-countrymen in the treatment of those great questions to which the Lord Provost has alluded. I will not say more, if you will excuse me. I think, on an occasion

of this sort, one should not be diffusive; but I again thank you, my Lord Provost, and you all, for drinking this toast. (Applause.)

The Lord Provost next said—Ladies and gentlemen, I have now to ask you to join with me in the pleasant duty of drinking the health of our friend and guest, Mr Wallace Bruce. (Hear, hear, and applause.) For a few days more he remains among us in an official capacity, and then he retires into private life, and, I suppose, will have more leisure to take up the work which is most congenial to him, that of literature. I know that he has some things still to do. He has written a good many poems and songs, but no man with his Scottish name who has lived in Scotland, and who professes literature and poetry as his chief aim in life, can shirk the question of Yarrow. (Applause.) Yarrow has been sung by so many of our Scottish poets that, until he takes it in hand, and shows us what he can do in competition with the others, we cannot appraise his true value. (Applause.) I suppose I may very truthfully say for myself, and every one else here, that the words of the old song, "Will ye no' come back again?" expresses our feelings towards Mr Wallace Bruce. (Hear, hear, and applause.) That may be very soon; and after he is free from official work we shall

have the pleasure of seeing more of his literary work than he has ever given us in the past; and we shall be delighted if he can take up among us such themes as Yarrow, and bring us still further his inspired ideas about the streams and rivers of his native country, which we are gradually getting to know, and which are gradually losing their youthful appearance, and getting to be embalmed in the shrines of song and story. (Applause.)

The toast was pledged with the utmost enthusiasm, "One cheer more!" being given for Mrs Wallace Bruce.

Mr Wallace Bruce, who rose amid a continued outburst of cheering to reply, said—My Lord Provost and Town Council: I did not know that the secret would have to come out—(laughter)—but I have, in fact, tried my hand already at Yarrow. (Renewed laughter and applause.) It was, however, so poorly done that I have it securely tied up with a pink ribbon—(laughter)—waiting the amendments which I know must come. In fact, I will promise, my Lord Provost, that I will take some of the early hours of my life in the future—not to compete with those who have gone before on that subject—but I will try to put into some lasting reminiscences for myself a trip—the most lovely, perhaps, I have ever had in Scotland for a day—up the

Yarrow to St Mary's Loch—(hear, hear, and applause) —favoured with a blue sky from morning until night, like one of those Florida days that many of us here have seen. I must thank you for proposing my health so cordially. You may be very sure that I will come back again. (Laughter and applause.) Any one so well received by Scottish friends is sure to return—(applause); and when I do come back, I hope to bring with me some work—some better work than I have been able thus far to do in a crowded life. It is my hope in the future to do something worthy of the land from which my ancestors sprang, and worthy of the land which I have the honour to represent. (Applause.)

Mr Wallace Bruce afterwards rose and said—Ladies and gentlemen, I consider it a great privilege to propose the toast of the "Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh," and in so doing I wish to say that I expect to do it many an evening quietly by myself, with Mrs Bruce at my side—(laughter)—with this small goblet which is now before me. (Renewed laughter.) I wish also to say —and I hope the occasions may be many—that I trust the leal Scots who are gathered in this room, or any other friend from Auld Reekie, or from Auld Scotia,

may come to our home and help us to empty what might be a formidable affair. (Laughter.) I have the honour of proposing the health of the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh. (Applause.)

The Lord Provost said—In the usual course I ought to reply to this toast, but one of the privileges of my office is that I sometimes can devolve my duties on other members of the Corporation, and so on this occasion I shall call on Bailie Walcot to reply. (Applause.)

Bailie Walcot, in responding, said—My Lord Provost, ladies and gentlemen, one of the things we learn in Council work is to obey authority. I do not respond to this toast unwillingly, though I feel I do respond to it with some difficulty. As a Council, it is our privilege quietly to recognise worth in any member of the community, whether he be Scotch, English, Irish, American, or Eastern. I think that very soon after Mr Wallace Bruce came to Edinburgh we all recognised that we had in our presence a gentleman worthy not only of our respect, but of our admiration. (Hear, hear.) With the goblet we give to-day we give a hearty goodwill for his future welfare—(hear, hear)

—I daresay with some expectation as to the character of his future work in its relation to Scotland. I would only say with regard to the loving-cup that I hope it will always be a loving cup. (Hear, hear.) I hope it will never be used for anything which any teetotaller would seriously object to. (Laughter.) I personally should be extremely sorry if this cup were to be a source of temptation to our esteemed friend, Mr Wallace Bruce—(renewed laughter)—and I can only hope that he will use it in such a way as we should be very happy to think he is using it. (More laughter.) I know that it will always give pleasure to the eye; I should not be at all surprised if it should at the same time excite his muse to sing. (Applause.) On behalf of my brother Magistrates and Councillors, I may say that we are very pleased indeed to have such an expression of sympathy from Mr Wallace Bruce as he has given us. (Applause.)

This concluded the proceedings; and afterwards, on the invitation of the Lord Provost, a number of the ladies and gentlemen present had an opportunity of inspecting the Municipal Museum up-stairs.

COMPLIMENTARY FAREWELL DINNER

TO HON. WALLACE BRUCE,

U.S. CONSUL, EDINBURGH.

IN the evening Hon. Wallace Bruce, U.S. Consul of Edinburgh, was entertained to a public dinner in the Waterloo Hotel. The Right Honourable the Lord Provost Russell occupied the chair, and the croupiers were Bailie Walcot and Mr George Denholm, Argentine Consul (honorary secretary). There were 120 gentlemen present, including the Right Rev. John Dowden, Bishop of Edinburgh; Rev. Professor Christie, D.D., of Pennsylvania; Sir William Arrol, Professor Simpson, Mr Robert Adam, City Chamberlain; Councillors Pollard, Colston, Gibson, and Cranston; Mr Henry R. Heath, Chairman of Monument Committee; Mr Victor Ressich, Spanish Consul; Mr J. W. Tornoe, Swedish Consul; Mr H. Hansen, Monte Videan Consul; Mr Peter Macdougal, Russian Consul; Hon. Allan B. Morse, U.S. Consul, Glasgow; Mr Peacock, U.S. Vice

and Deputy, Edinburgh; Mr Richard Lees, U.S. Consular-Agent, Galashiels; Colonel Woodford, Dr Littlejohn, Mr John Wilson, Chamber of Commerce; Mr D. Stevenson, sculptor; Mr W. G. Stevenson, Mr Murray Lyon, Provost Kinross, Stirling; Rev. George Kirkwood, Chaplain to the Forces; Mr M'Leod Fullarton, John Gifford, Robert Yellowlees, ex-Provost, Stirling; D. Watson, Hawick; Rev. John Ramsay, Shotts; Mr W. E. Bartlett, Mr T. Carlaw Martin, Mr Anthony Watson, Leith; R. Mackay, Leith; Simon Fraser, Leith; C. L. Forrest, Leith; Robert J. Lindsay, W.S.; David Paulin, F.R.S.E.; T. F. Kay, New York; John S. Ferrier, William Brown, Dr Thatcher, Mr John Ferguson, Linlithgow; Thomas Thomson, Musselburgh; Robert Anderson, George Square; James Kennedy, D. Sneddon, Kilmarnock; Robert Scoular, Ayr; Dr Piper, Philadelphia; Mr J. Scott, Solicitor; Mr Wm. Skinner, W.S., Town Clerk; ex-Provost Sturrock, Kilmarnock; Mr Cox of Gorgie; W. Collingridge Barnett; Hon. Franklin Fairbanks, Vermont; Mr W. J. Murphy, Arizona; and Mr E. E. Lewis, Sioux City, Iowa.

After dinner the following toasts were proposed and duly honoured:—

The CHAIRMAN said—I have the honour to move for your acceptance the toast of "Her Majesty the Queen,"

whose personal virtues during her long reign have shed lustre upon the high position which she occupies as head of the greatest empire the world has ever seen.

The toast was received with great enthusiasm, the company singing a few stanzas of "God save the Queen."

The CHAIRMAN—I have now pleasure in asking your acceptance of the toast of "The Prince and Princess of Wales, and members of the Royal Family." (Applause.) Recent events in the household of the Prince of Wales have drawn the attention of the country more keenly to it than formerly, and we all rejoice at the happy nature of the events which have attracted our attention. Just now the members of the Royal family are scattered all over the world. The Prince of Wales is enjoying the splendid scenery of Norway, and the other members are fulfilling various duties in different places to the entire satisfaction of all. (Applause.) I have to ask you to join with me in drinking the toast of "The Prince and Princess of Wales, and members of the Royal Family." (Loud applause.)

Professor SIMPSON gave the toast of the "President of the United States." (Applause.) He said—The

Queen rules the biggest empire the world has ever seen, and I propose the toast of the man at the head of the greatest republic the world has ever seen. (Applause.) I think our Lord Provost is to be congratulated upon the fact that in one short month he has had the privilege of welcoming the municipal representatives of the two principal cities of our empire—the Lord Mayors of London and of Dublin—(applause),—and of drawing together the representatives of our brethren across the Atlantic, and thus binding closer the brotherhood of the Anglo-Saxon family. Happily many things are transpiring to draw us more together. This Behring Sea Arbitration is one of the best things that could have happened, because it has committed the foremost nations of the world to the policy of arbitration, and thus it will help on the glad time when war shall cease to the ends of the earth. (Applause.) America is at present attracting to its shores numbers of our countrymen to behold what is the most wonderful exhibition that has ever been seen on earth. My wife had a letter from Professor Drummond the other day, in which he says: "I wish you could have seen Chicago. It is simply the noblest spectacle ever raised by hand of man. One expected much that is base in art and unworthy in taste, but there is not a vestige of either bad art or vulgarity—not even an advertisement visible—

(laughter)—throughout the whole place. In the latter respect the self-sacrifice of these people is great. They refused a million dollars for the advertisement of one article alone. I spent three weeks there, and have not half seen it. The Americans are much disappointed at the fewness of the English visitors. I only met four who had the least cut of English about them." (Applause.) I move, then, the toast of the head of the Republic. They have always had men of eminence to fill the post, and some of the Presidents have more than once filled the President's chair. These are men who have won the admiration of their fellows all over the world, and we recognise that President Cleveland is worthy to fill the place occupied by Lincoln and Washington and many more. (Applause.) I hope I shall be allowed to add that, though there are no queens in America, they have a lady there who is entitled to all honour. Some years ago we had an International Congress there, when a great number of us from all parts of the world were received by President Cleveland and Mrs Cleveland, and after the toast of the Queen of Great Britain had been proposed and honoured, that of the Queen of Beauty in America was given; for Mrs Cleveland had received us with a distinction and a courtesy worthy of an ancient empire, and with a freshness and frankness and geniality quite proper to a new

kingdom. (Applause.) I ask you to do honour to the Republic of America and its head, President Cleveland —(applause),—and I have to ask Colonel Woodford to make reply for his country and his chief. (Loud applause.)

George Woodford of Chicago said—Lord Provost, croupiers, and gentlemen, were it not that the hearty manner in which you have responded to this truly American sentiment, "The President and Republic of the United States," makes me feel as if I were almost among my own, I would shrink from the duty assigned me.

Our Presidents each mark an era in which our nation, moving in its own peculiar orbit, seeks to call to places of power those whose qualities can meet its need.

Now the unflinching tenacity of Jackson; now the Abrahamic faith, the Christ-like charity, the matchless wisdom of Lincoln; the courage of Grant; and now the energetic man, with a mind of his own, and a determination to do and say what he thinks, a man reaching Burns's climax of creation—an honest man—Grover Cleveland. (Applause.)

Many things in our nation strike me as the best—not all the best! No man, no nation, has all the best.

We so easily discover other people's failings. The facility with which we discover our own virtues and other people's failings is the weakness of the race. Let us recognise the good that is in the world wherever we find it. We all need to pray—

"Wad some power the giftie gie us."

The event of to-day, in the unveiling of the monument to Mr Lincoln,—if, indeed, there can be such a thing, for some men are too big for monuments—Lord Provost and gentlemen, there is not granite enough in all Scotland to make a monument for William Wallace —(applause)—the event to-day has filled American hearts with pride, and should make more proud the home-going of Consul Wallace Bruce and his family. (Applause.) There seems to me a fitness in that Lincoln statue in the Calton Cemetery between the Old and the New of your beautiful city, just as he stood in the transitional period of our national life, facing as it does the Martyrs' Monument, with its sentiment deeply graven thereon, so expressive of the dominating purpose of his own life, "I have devoted myself to the cause of the people." In Lincoln we have sent you our best, we always send you our best — (applause) — the other kind come themselves. (Laughter.)

This prone world will always need to be reminded of its men of mighty faith, the peerage of the world, who never counted the odds against them in a battle —men cast in mould of such deep conviction that they were willing to live or die by the truth.

The American people are not, as a rule, open to the charge of spending all their time talking about their national neighbours. "Time!" is usually called before we get to our neighbours. (Laughter.) Our country is so vast and varied in its resources, that we seem to have no time to talk about anything else, and perhaps sometimes appear to think that there is no other. I heard one of the professors of our New Western University say at a banquet last winter that since coming to our city they had talked about little else than Chicago; and so impressed was his little girl, that one morning after family worship she asked, "Mamma, is there any other place besides heaven and Chicago?" (Laughter.)

'Tis ever the tendency of the new to forget the old; and sometimes, possibly, we deserve that our mother should take us across her knee for a few impressive moments, and stand us up refreshed if not corrected. (Laughter.)

The Firth alive with commerce forgets the clear crystal springs of power that fought their way through

mountain and moor to make its river possible; and we, in the bustle and strain of American life, are apt to forget to trace our pilgrim band back to the days of Cromwell and the Commonwealth.

We read our Declaration of Independence, but are apt to lose sight of its relation to that earlier declaration by a band of Scotch Presbyterians in North Carolina.

But one thing, Mr Chairman, our nation has not forgotten, will never forget, that in the darkest hour that ever set upon our Republic, your Sovereign Lady Victoria—Queen—was the friend of Lincoln and the cause of Freedom. And we, too, sing and pray—God save the Queen. (Applause.)

I have read of a poor widow who lived away inland and struggled hard to raise her four fatherless boys and make (as only mothers can) the humble home look its best for them. But as each one grew up he left and went to sea. The explanation was found in a naval picture that hung in the little best room of the cottage. It had fed their youthful enthusiasm and fired them for deeds of daring on the sea.

We come to the land of Wishart and Knox, of Wallace and Bruce, and Burns and Scott, and from Borderland to Highland glen its pictures speak to us like some old Bible story, and we learn how it comes that

Scotsmen live out in the open of liberty,—why it is that Scotland is such royal birthright wherever heroic deeds and manly worth find honour among men. (Applause.)

It has been said that America has everything but ruins — this, gentlemen, has no financial reference —(laughter)—but some ruins are the most living things on earth. We come to Scotland and see her ruins, the mile-posts of her struggle for human rights, and learn how much we have built on another man's foundations, and how much we have outside of ourselves to be thankful for, and our national pride blends with gratitude as, with bowed head, we thank God for Scotland. (Applause.)

I believe there is a divine purpose that is bringing our nations nearer and nearer. The great questions of finance and tariff, and morals and Sabbath, lying so close to the best brain and heart and conscience of the American nation to-day, lie also close up to yours. Some of these problems neither one of us can well solve alone. And the times are propitious. While Continental nations have been whetting their swords, and just awaiting an excuse for war, the two great English-speaking nations have settled their difference by arbitration. True, you got a little the better of us —(laughter)—but better that than war. The Behring Sea award comes like another Bethlehem star, another

covenant of Peace. Ah! we are learning the better way, and not alone in finance are we nearing the golden age! (Applause.)

Niagara has been thundering for ages, but we have just begun to catch the meaning of its awful tones, telling us to take God's currents of water and harness them to His swifter currents of electricity, and in the name of His eternal law command them to do our bidding. Greater in energy, mightier in volume, more onward-sweeping in movement than any cataract of earth is God's law of universal love; and we, groping sons of men, striving, longing for the best, will yet learn how that law of universal brotherhood worketh no ill to any, but touches humanity with blessing at every point. (Applause.)

One in language, one in blood, one in the freeman's thrill, one in the Christian's hope, shall not we be for ever one,—not under one flag, but one

> "For the right that needs assistance,
> For the wrong that needs resistance,
> For the future in the distance,
> For the good that we can do"—

one for ushering in that glad day when war will have to turn pale-faced to peace for arbitration, and nations shall learn its arts no more? I thank you, gentlemen,

for your hearty acceptance of the toast to our Chief Magistrate and our great Republic across the sea. (Great applause.)

Bailie WALCOT—My Lord Provost and gentlemen, I have great pleasure in proposing "The Navy, Army, and Auxiliary Forces." (Applause.) I should be pleased to do this in any assembly, and I am especially pleased to do it in such an assembly as the present. These forces represent to a very large extent the character of our national and our social life. They give picturesqueness to it, and I know you will all agree with me in this, that they inspire a spirit of confidence throughout the whole community. To-night it must be matter of satisfaction to us to believe that the qualities which so highly distinguish these forces in Great Britain also distinguish the same forces in America, and in proposing this toast we shall not forget the brave men across the Atlantic while we think of the brave men in our own country. (Applause.) I think it should be a satisfaction to us to think that the time is probably coming when the destructive power of these forces will be less displayed than they have been in the past; but in the meantime we hope that the "Navy, Army, and the Auxiliary Forces" will continue to act worthy

of their past traditions, and act up to the highest expectations of their nations. I have great pleasure in moving this toast, coupled with the name of the Chaplain to the Forces. (Applause.)

The Rev. GEORGE KIRKWOOD, Chaplain to the Forces, in reply, said — My Lord Provost, croupiers, and gentlemen, I have to thank you very much for the great honour which you have conferred upon me in connecting my name with such a distinguished toast as that of the "Navy, Army, and Auxiliary Forces." I regret that General Fremantle is not here to do full justice to the toast, or some one better qualified than I am. The Navy has always done well in defending the interests of this country. I am able to say something with regard to the performances of our sailors on land, and I believe they fight equally well whether on land or sea. I had the honour of serving with our blue-jackets in the Ashantee war, where they took a very prominent part in the fighting, and by their valour and skill contributed very much to the rapid close of the campaign. (Applause.) It is now a good custom to combine our navy, army, and volunteers in any expedition, and our sailors have always occupied a very distinguished position in these expeditions. With regard to our soldiers, I may say that I am very closely

connected with them, having served in her Majesty's army for a period of thirty years in various parts of the world. I know how our soldiers behave in camp and in the field, and I know that our country can always trust its honour in the hands of our soldiers. (Applause.) The complaint made nowadays is that our men are too young soldiers. Well, if that is a fault, it is a fault which is improved every year that they live. But I think it is a great thing for this country that its young men should be trained to arms. I have seen the reserves called out, and we have no better soldiers—men who are accustomed to brave not only the foe, but, what is perhaps more trying still, the deadly fever. That is what tries our young soldiers. That is where we would come badly off if we were to send young troops into the field. But we have a trained army behind these young troops, and these are the men who will come forward and stand in the forefront of the battle. (Applause.) The gentleman who proposed the toast talked of the time when the destructive forces would become less and less powerful, but it seems almost as if it were the opposite way—as if the great idea was to destroy as much human life at once as possible. I think the great thing is to rouse the nations to the idea that war is a terrible and inhuman thing—(hear, hear)—and I think it will be a great day when our country

and America unite together in order to protect our freedom and defend our rights. I think this was the British day in Chicago, and I saw it mentioned that there were to be British troops and Canadian troops, and that all our large dependencies were to be represented there. (Applause.) I hope that this great Exhibition in Chicago will do something more, perhaps, in the way in which people looked for the Exhibition of 1851 doing, by tending to the establishment of a reign of peace; and I think if our two nations were to take this matter in hand, we would be half-way towards that end. (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN—The next toast is the toast of the "Guest of the Evening"—(loud applause)—and if I do not speak upon this subject at very great length, you will understand it is not from any want of enthusiasm on my part. But you all know that this is not the first time to-day that Mr Bruce has been before us, and I think that he himself will be glad if I speak as briefly and as tersely as I can. But there are some things I would like to say, and one of these is that I do not admire the custom in America which throws every good official out of place at the end of a short administration, and which deprives us of the services of a valued consul, and of a still

more valued friend, just when we are beginning to know and appreciate him at his best. (Applause.) I feel it is a sad thing for us to give Mr Bruce a farewell dinner, and I am sure we would all be glad if it were not necessary, and if he were to remain with us and cultivate the relationships which he has formed. When he came to this district four years ago, he could not come as a stranger, because his name bewrayed him. He had to confess himself of Scottish origin, and we speedily found out that he was worthy of the name which he bears. (Applause.) He associated himself with our life. We always could count upon his kindness and upon his willingness to oblige. Most of us have met him upon public occasions when he put his gift of oratory most freely at the disposal of the public. He has done probably more than any person in this district for long years to cement the friendship which ought to exist, and which does exist, between the Anglo-Saxon race on both sides of the Atlantic. (Applause.) Perhaps, as a literary man by profession, that was easier for him to do than for other people, because, after all, a common literature is the greatest heritage for cementing friendship between two great countries. Mr Bruce, like some others among us, has a passion for the historical and ancient things to be found in our

country. We are very glad to have among us Scotsmen as well as Americans who take care to sweep away the dust and keep fresh before our eyes the lessons of times past. Mr Bruce has done this not only in Scotland but in America, and has made many Americans acquainted with Scottish literature of days gone by. He has done this partly by his researches into the literature of times past, and partly by active devotion to that literature himself, and by doing what he could to carry on the story and song of our country and weave it into the song and story of the other side of the Atlantic. (Applause.) To-day I got a confession from him that he means to write about the Yarrow. It is remarkable that most of our poets have found inspiration in running water. In all our leading poets we have constant reference to rivers and streams, and Mr Wallace Bruce has been affected by this also. Many of you have not seen, as I have seen, the beautiful book on the river Hudson of which he is the author, and which does more to bring the river and its beauties before the imagination of those of us who have not seen it in reality than anything else which has been published. (Applause.) We feel grateful to him for his exertions in all these fields, for his good-fellowship, for his kindness and good deeds; and, above all, for

doing what he has done to promote the true union of hearts with our American brethren which will make us slow to take cause of offence, and willing rather to wait until we see whether there may not be a different meaning, and willing to accept some reasonable and peaceable way of settling differences rather than fly to angry words and deeds. (Applause.) In proposing the health of Mr Wallace Bruce, I am proposing the health of one who has rendered real services to his own country and to ours, and I put it in that way because he claims his full rights in this country as well as in the United States. I feel sad at the idea that he should leave us; but we live in the hope that, now that he is freed from official duties, we shall soon again see him in this country, and probably his meditations in that other country may enable him to give us some other work. (Applause.) We bid him good-bye and God-speed; we wish him long life and prosperity and success in his literary work, not only for his own sake, but for ourselves, because we hope to enjoy the fruits of his labours.

The toast was honoured with great enthusiasm, the company rising to their feet and singing a few stanzas of "He's a jolly good fellow." Three cheers were also given for Mrs Bruce.

Mr Wallace Bruce received a most cordial reception on rising to respond. He said—I desire first to thank the Lord Provost for the words of praise which I feel unmerited, which I would like to attain to, and which I hope, if the years are given me, that I may yet attain to in some measure. I desire also to thank you all for the hearty way in which you have received the toast. I wish also to express my grateful appreciation to many gentlemen at this table for having journeyed long distances, and also to acknowledge the courtesy and kindness of many Edinburgh friends for having taken a day from much-needed vacation to come back to the city and be present here this evening. I desire further to thank Professor Simpson for the toast which he gave, and for the beautiful letter that he has read from a cherished friend—a man well known throughout the United States of America—Professor Drummond. (Applause.) When I studied law in New York with an eloquent advocate, I was given a bit of advice which I have never forgotten. It was that when one had a good subject to talk about he could afford to be happy; but when he had not a very good subject he should be exceedingly dignified. (Laughter.) I am not sure that dignity is at all times indicative of ability; but if I were responding only for this one subject of myself I would attempt to be more dignified

than at any previous moment of my life. (Renewed laughter.)

That dignity, however, might be disturbed by the humorous accident of our host's excellent *chef*, who has illuminated the *menu* with Pudding *à la* President Harrison. He evidently has not yet discovered that the "pudding" is now all *à la* Cleveland. (Laughter.)

By some other mistake the toast of the "President and the Republic," so heartily proposed and eloquently responded to, does not appear on the programme. I am just advised by the Secretary that this is a printer's error; and I am sure that no discourtesy was intended to the Republic or any of its representatives. I desire further to say that President Cleveland is a man with a warm heart. (Applause.) Ten years ago, when Governor of the State of New York, in the presence of 100,000 people, at the Centennial of the Disbanding of the American Army under General Washington at New York, he crossed the platform, with hearty hand-shake and congratulation, at the close of a poem which I had the honour to deliver. I remember and cherish that greeting. (Applause.) Moreover, whoever is President of the United States of America, no matter what may be our political faith, that man has the love and reverence of every true American. (Applause.)

But to come to the real subject, to the reason why

this gathering of friends is here to greet me to-night and bid me a hearty good-bye, and to wish me good fortune in the years that may be given to me and mine in life—to come to that real issue, it is this. I may be able some day to write a poem on "Yarrow." I hope to write something that may stir the hearts of Scottish friends, although I do not know that I may be able fully to do it. I hope to do something for the Hudson and the Catskills, and gather inspiration from the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains. But it is not this that brings you here. It is not what I have done in the past; it is not hope for anything I may do in the future. I believe it is the warm heart of the Scottish people, which overlooks errors or shortcomings when they believe that a man's heart is right. (Applause.) I came here four years ago loving Scotland; I go away loving Scotland more than ever. Twenty-three years ago I walked through your valleys and your Highlands, and I expect to come again to Scotland. (Applause.) I hope to touch sympathetically the Scottish blood that flows in the veins of Americans to-day, worthy descendants of men who helped to lay successfully the corner-stone of the Republic. (Applause.) I think of Alexander Hamilton, born of Scottish parents, going as a lad from the West Indies to become the aide-de-camp

of George Washington; I think of Washington Irving, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, a man who loved Edinburgh, and who loved the Tweed, the Avon, and all Britain. (Applause.) If I have been able to do anything in these four years — and I know how humble the work has been — if I have been able to do anything to bind closer together the hearts of the great English-speaking people, I know that I have accomplished more than I could have done in any other direction. There is no reason why the great English-speaking races should not carry their united influence all over the world. I rejoice in the settlement of questions by arbitration. (Applause.) I rejoice in every tie, in every link that binds closer in harmony those great peoples. (Applause.) You, gentlemen, know what Great Britain has done in the past. You may feel that America at times is proud of her institutions, but she is a chip of the old block —(laughter)—and we may well be proud of what the English-speaking race has accomplished. You are proud, and you have a right to be proud, of yourselves and of your children. (Applause.) I thank you, friends, for all the hospitality you have shown me. I carry home to the valley of the Hudson this loving token from the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of this beautiful city. I did not need it to

make me love Edinburgh and Scotland, but I shall have it before me as a tangible reminder of all you have done for me in the days that are past. (Loud applause.)

Mr Macleod Fullarton, who proposed "The Consular Service," said—My Lord Provost, croupiers, ladies, and gentlemen, we have heard, I have no doubt with one heart and with one mind, the sentiments that have fallen both from our American brothers and from the Scottish speakers, which have laid down that which I believe is at the bottom of all sound relations between Great Britain and America, that there must, once for all, be an end to the notion that between the two great branches of the English-speaking race there can possibly arise any single dispute or difference which cannot and which shall not be amicably settled. (Applause.) I appeal to you, gentlemen, if any sight—I will not say more horrible, but more ludicrous—could have been exhibited to the eyes of gods and men than the two great English-speaking races, the British empire and the American Republic, falling against each other in armed opposition over a herd of seals. I do not quite agree, gentlemen, with one sentiment, one opinion rather, that fell from the Colonel who so eloquently returned thanks for the toast of the great

American Republic. I do not think that the great arbitration which has come to so happy a conclusion is in any sense a disadvantage for the American State. On the contrary, if certain political points of no small importance have been decided in favour of British contentions, as I read the decision of these arbitrators the commercial advantages fall to our American cousins, and I can only congratulate our brethren on the other side that when they stoop they stoop to conquer. (Applause.) I ask you for one moment to extend your gaze and lift your hearts even above those sentiments which have been so ably addressed to you. I want you to extend your vision over the wide human race, and to remember that God has made of one blood all the races of the earth, for the toast I have to propose is the commercial interests of this country and of all the nations of the earth. Nothing has bound the world so much by cords that cannot easily be broken than those commercial relations which those representatives of commerce represent in this country. The happy and providential dispensation by which every part of the world is dependent upon every other binds us together in one common service to serve each other and to promote our common weal.

I congratulate you, gentlemen, that America saw fit, by some happy accident or else by some exquisite com-

pliment to send as its Consular representative to the Scottish capital a man both of whose names make the Scottish blood to tingle. (Applause.) I congratulate them upon sending us not only a man with so felicitous and so truly Scottish a name, but a man in whose heart there burns exactly those sentiments that animated both the great men whose names he bears—a man whose eloquence and whose poetic fervour finds it an ease and a delight to bind together the Americans whom he represents with the Scotsmen among whom he has for so many pleasant years resided. I congratulate them upon this fact, and I congratulate you too that when he goes back to his native country we do not lose him. He remains an international tie. (Applause.) He carries with him from Scotland a heartfelt love for this country to his own well-loved country; and I am certain that through all the many happy years that he will remain among his own people —and also I hope sometimes among us—he will continue to be a bond and a tie which we all acknowledge. (Applause.) Gentlemen, as I speak now, not of the toast of the evening, but of the Consular service, I think it fit to add that I congratulate you also upon the appointment of his successor, a gentleman who has won golden opinions in my native town of Glasgow in the position he there bore of Consul for the United

States. I congratulate you upon having so good a successor to your excellent friend. (Applause.) But, gentlemen, while we welcome the coming and speed the parting guest, I cannot but think that upon this occasion I may well be excused if I were to alter the form rather than the letter of this toast, and say, with all my heart, and with all your hearts, God-speed the parting guest. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, there is another point of view from which the Consular service is to be congratulated. It has sent us many noble specimens of many foreign nations and from many fraternal nations from other parts of the world; but it has also generously chosen in not a few instances to be represented in our borders by members of our own nation and of our own religion; and I cannot but say that in so generously confiding their commercial prosperity and commercial interests to men of our own blood and nationality they show in what honour they hold the justice and honesty of our country. I trust that we shall never forget to make plain to them that such noble confidence has never been misplaced. (Applause.) The commercial integrity of this great empire is its highest passport to commercial prosperity, and I ask you to remember that the one great corner-stone of all commercial prosperity is commercial honesty. This leads me to couple with the

toast the name of one of those Consuls who has done no small part in organising the entertainment of this evening—Mr Denholm. It is with feelings of pleasure that I call upon so good a Scotsman to reply for so good a toast. (Applause.)

Mr Denholm, the Argentine Consul, in reply, said—I had hoped a more important member of the Consular service would have responded to the toast; but as I have been called upon to do so, and especially after its warm reception, I have pleasure on behalf of my colleagues and myself in replying and thanking the company for their kind public recognition of the Consular body. And in connection with this reply I desire to be permitted further to remark, that apart from the special appropriateness of such a toast on an occasion such as this, and in the way of divesting this response from being a mere formality, I wish to take the opportunity of paying a just tribute to my brethren by saying that in my opinion this generous recognition is not undeserved. After now some twenty years' experience and friendly intercourse with them, I think I might safely say in regard to one and all that the discharge of responsible and at times delicate and difficult duties has been invariably done with a zeal and integrity that could hardly be surpassed; whilst the indirect, or what

I might term the voluntary duties, such as assisting distressed foreigners of the respective nationalities, were discharged with a kindness and consideration deserving of praise, and of course the more so when these good offices happened to be onerous, and as in nearly every case entirely gratuitous, the sole requital being the consciousness of doing good. The withdrawal of our friend and colleague from our midst is, I am in a position to say, a source of regret to the members of the entire local Consular body, who have had special opportunity of appreciating his geniality and good-fellowship. In regard to the kind reference to the active and somewhat prominent part I have had in connection with this banquet, I will only say that it has been to me a labour of love, and I am proud to have had such an opportunity of, so to speak, emphasising my personal appreciation and regard, and which I have been gratified to find is so general, as is exemplified by the entire success of this complimentary banquet, and the large roll of letters of congratulation and regret which I presented to you to-night, but which it was inexpedient to do more than refer to. When the United States Government think proper to send back our respected guest to our shores, and it may be to a higher honour than even that of Consul in Edinburgh, it will, I am sure, be, in spirit if not in act,

"Here's a hand" from one and all of us, as well as from the troops of friends he has made and endeared himself to throughout the land. (Applause.)

Mr W. E. Bartlett next said—My Lord Provost and friends, I feel honoured in being called upon to propose the toast of "The Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh." (Applause.) More than that, I feel a particular pride in rising to propose this toast, because I was not born in Edinburgh. I think that the management of municipal affairs here is in many respects a model one. Since I was asked to speak to this toast, it occurs to me that there are a few reasons why the statement I have made is a substantial fact. The first is the conservative character of the people of Edinburgh. There is a great deal of wealth and intelligence here, and the character of such a people demands good representatives. Hence the Town Council of Edinburgh is a body of men bound to look carefully after the interests of this city. It calls also to the head of affairs such men as the Chief Magistrate, who has honoured us by presiding here to-night; and, upon the whole, I think that the Town Council of Edinburgh exemplifies to the world a municipal body which, in its management of the interests of the city, is worthy to be emulated and copied. (Applause.)

Councillor GIBSON, rising at the request of the Lord Provost, replied to the toast. He said—My Lord Provost, Mr Wallace Bruce, and gentlemen, I have been most unexpectedly called upon to reply to this toast. I thank Mr Bartlett for the kindly way in which he has spoken of the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of this city. Although I am a young member of the Town Council, I am not so young but that I have an idea of the enormous work that has to be done by the body of men returned to our Council; and when we have at our head a gentleman like the present Lord Provost, I can say that it is a great pleasure and a great privilege to be associated with him in municipal government. I feel proud to acknowledge your kindness this evening. The city of Edinburgh is rapidly rising in importance, and any one who aspires to the position of Town Councillor in the future may look forward to a very large amount of work being put upon him. I beg to return you my heartiest thanks on behalf of my colleagues. (Applause.)

Mr LEWIS, in proposing the toast of "International Relations," said—My Lord Provost, Mr Croupier, and gentlemen, I suppose this programme must be filled, but before attempting to propose this toast, permit me to acknowledge the complimentary dinner tendered

here this evening to the representative of the Government under which I live upon the eve of his taking his departure from the city. Mr Wallace Bruce has been with you long enough for you to be satisfied that although he was cramped into a consular office, yet the milk of human kindness in his breast has not been evaporated by the duties of the office, nor coagulated by Government support. I fear that in speaking to this toast I am trenching somewhat upon what my Lord Provost and other gentlemen have said, but truth is truth, and to change it would be a falsehood. Your poet Robert Burns once said that the greatest compliment paid to his "Cottar's Saturday Night" was that, after he read it in manuscript at the house of Mrs Dunlop, her servant said to her mistress that she did not see much to talk about there, because it was just precisely what she saw every time she went home. (Applause.) I understand that the term international relations refers more particularly to the conditions existing between the United States and Great Britain, because if it referred to other countries I would be speaking of what I know nothing about, although very frequently those who know least have the most to say. In attempting to speak about the relations existing between the United States and Great Britain, I can say now that these relations are not only friendly, but that they

are abidingly so in my judgment. I don't see how they could be otherwise. Demagogues may say unwise things, and political newspaper men may write unwise things, but that is a mere ripple upon the surface—the great deep is unmoved. (Applause.) We are bound together by the indissoluble ties of common interest, as the Lord Provost said this afternoon. We are bound together by the common ties of blood, language, and by a common God. I read a little while ago that Volapuk was to be the language of the world, and it is not many years since the French language was most used; but to-day the English language, like the English money, will go further and do more than any other tongue upon earth. (Applause.) It is the coming language of the earth, and it is the mission of the English-speaking people of the earth to civilise and to Christianise the nations of the world. I speak the more willingly upon this because we stand here upon ground that is peculiarly sacred to the cause of civil and religious liberty, in which the United States is so strongly interested. You may walk up and down Europe, Asia, or Africa, and you will find no spot so sacred in the annals or struggles for freedom as in Scotland. (Applause.) Here was made possible the blessings which we now enjoy. Not the least of these is the evolution of such characters as is borne by the

man whose monument you unveiled to-day, that of Abraham Lincoln—(applause)—and let me hope that, as it stands there a great object-lesson, it shall be the harbinger of that grand time coming when the nations on earth shall be no longer oppressed and bowed down, and their substance exhausted in the support of great standing armies, but that it shall be the forerunner of the good time when

> "Man to man the warld o'er
> Shall brithers be, an' a' that."

(Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN—I shall call for no reply to this toast, as the terms in which it has been proposed express our views so beautifully. (Applause.)

Mr DAVID PAULIN proposed "The Clergy." He said—Lord Provost, Mr Wallace Bruce, croupiers, and gentlemen, the toast which I have been called upon to propose is one which in such a company as this has ever been received with acceptance and cordiality. Especially in Scotland have the clergy ever had the affection of the people, and that affection is not alone based upon what they have done in modern times, but upon what they did in ancient times, when they alone were the depositaries of culture and of learning. (Applause.)

When one represents in another country a great and a glorious nation, as our guest has done, and when he so represents it as to commend not only himself but his nation, so that he is respected and loved by every one with whom he comes in contact, as our guest has also done, he knits the people together in an indissoluble union of unity and love. The clergy are entitled to honour from us as representatives of that kingdom which is above every kingdom; and when they commend their high commission by drawing the hearts of men to that magnificent kingdom to which we all aspire, they do much for the nation in which they live, and they are entitled to the honour of all men in such a gathering as this. (Applause.) I think we are peculiarly honoured in having here to-night one who represents a great Church. A few weeks ago I had the honour to be in such another gathering as this in one of the large cities of England, and there the Lord Mayor called upon a nonconformist Presbyterian clergyman to respond to just such a toast as this. To-night we have the honour and pleasure in Presbyterian Scotland to have at our gathering the Bishop of Edinburgh—(applause)—a Bishop who has endeared himself to all by his learning, the kindliness of his disposition, and his eloquence. I have to call upon you to drink the toast of "The Clergy" coupled with the name of Bishop Dowden. (Applause.)

Bishop Dowden—My Lord Provost, croupiers, and gentlemen, I am sure I am expressing the sentiments of my learned brethren as well as my own in saying how grateful we are for the words used by Mr Paulin, and how much we appreciate the heartiness with which the toast has been drunk. But we have come here to-night not to listen to praise of ourselves, but to express our respect for the American Consul, and much more than that, our regard and appreciation of the man, Mr Wallace Bruce. (Applause.) We appreciate him and regard him with kindliest feelings for many reasons. It is an interesting feature, I think more particularly characteristic of the American Government, that they very often fill posts in the diplomatic and consular service with men of distinction in literature. One of the most memorable evenings I ever spent in this city was one in which I had a *tête-à-tête* of half an hour with Mr Russell Lowell. (Applause.) We got on to the subject of literature, and I remember well how he told me of his interest in the most obscure parts of Scotland, of which I really knew little or nothing. He had come to know them because they were mentioned, perhaps incidentally, in either the poems or novels of Sir Walter Scott. He knew these novels as well as Mr Bruce, and that is saying a good deal—(applause)—and he told me that just the winter before coming here he had suffered

a great loss, and had found a singular source of consolation in the broad open-air feeling of the words of Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter Scott does not belong to a coterie—he belongs to mankind; and in that broad and healthy atmosphere he found some consolation for a wounded heart, and that very winter he had almost read through the whole works of Sir Walter Scott. There are other examples of men of letters being appointed to posts connected with the diplomatic and consular services, and it was a happy thought on the part of the American Government to send to us one who is a man of letters, and one who is capable of appreciating the merits of our Scottish men of letters. (Applause.) The clergy are often called in when the banquet of life is over and the lights are about to be put out, and I feel that my observations should be brief. Allow me not only for my brethren, but for every guest, to repeat the words of the poet already recited, which have been taken as the title of Mr Wallace Bruce's latest work—"Here's a Hand." (Loud applause.)

During the evening a number of excellent songs and recitations were given by several gentlemen present, and the gathering broke up after singing a few verses of "Auld Langsyne."

LETTER FROM THE EDINBURGH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

AT a meeting of Directors of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures held on Wednesday, 16th August 1893, it was moved by Mr John Wilson, D.L., and seconded by Mr Lockhart, chairman—

"That the Directors having learned that Mr Wallace Bruce, United States Consul in Edinburgh, is about to relinquish his position in this country and return to America, desire to record their regret in parting with him.

"Mr Wallace Bruce, during the four years he has held the Consular office, has by his courtesy, and by the zeal and assiduity which he has devoted to the duties of his office—sparing neither time nor trouble in serving those who had business to transact with him

—earned for himself, in an especial manner, the esteem of the mercantile community of this district.

"The Directors are assured that they express the feeling of every member of the Chamber when they desire that Mr Bruce may take with him their hearty good wishes for his future wellbeing, and pleasant remembrances of his sojourn in Edinburgh."

Extracted from the Minutes in name and by authority of the Directors of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures.

ROB. ARTHUR LOCKHART, *Chairman.*
JAMES POLLARD, *Secretary.*

THE STORY OF THE MONUMENT.

From 'Central News.'

IN the summer of 1890, Mrs M'Ewan, widow of a Scottish-American soldier, called on Mr Wallace Bruce, United States Consul at Edinburgh, to aid her in securing a pension from the Government in Washington, as her husband had recently died. The proper proof was obtained and the pension granted. One day when she called at the Consulate, Mrs Bruce chanced to be present, and became interested in her story: how Sergeant M'Ewan, wearing the blue army coat with brass buttons, came to the mill in Galashiels where she was employed, and how, in recesses from work, little groups would gather about him as he told incidents of the war. She said she had read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and the poetry of Whittier, which, she thought, chimed so sweetly with the songs of Burns. One day this soldier told the story of his life and won her. Some years afterwards they came with their little family to live in Edinburgh. Sickness entered

the household, the father was unable to work. He applied to the Government for a pension, but failed, as he was unable to connect his ailment with exposure on the field. Mrs M'Ewan told Mrs Bruce how she and her children had worked for five shillings a-week to keep husband and father from the poorhouse, and gave with singular pathos the account of his last illness: how he loved to have the old gun near at hand where he could touch it; how he told the doctor on one of his last visits that he had nothing to give him but his sword, and the kind-hearted doctor replied that it was his business to save life, not to take it, and that he wished neither the sword nor any other recompense but pleasant remembrance, and the wife said, "We will keep the sword for the laddie"; and at last, when the poor soldier, after long months of suffering, died, they found the gun under the coverlet beside him, pressed close to his heart. Mrs Bruce asked where he was buried, that she might go with Mrs M'Ewan and place some flowers on his grave, although Decoration Day had passed; but the widow answered, with tears in her eyes: "The ground in the common field is all level; I couldna mark the spot. In fact, the next Sabbath after his death I visited it with the bairns, and we found another mourning group had possession. Another body was being buried in the same grave." This story,

told in the beautiful Border language of the Tweed and the Yarrow, suggested to Consul Wallace Bruce the idea of a burial-place in Edinburgh for Scottish-American soldiers. He wrote to several American friends, and talked with others who visited at the Consulate. All heartily approved of the plan. Some time afterwards Mr Bruce was walking on the banks of the Tweed, near Peebles, with Lord Provost Russell, of Edinburgh. He told Mrs M'Ewan's story, and the following day wrote a letter to the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, asking for a plot in one of the city cemèteries. The request was cordially granted. It then occurred to the Consul that the spot should be marked with a memorial worthy of the site in the very heart of the beautiful city. Early in August Mr Bruce sailed for New York to deliver the Grand Army Chautauqua Address at the request of Bishop Vincent, Chancellor of the Chautauqua Assembly, where over five thousand people, army veterans and their friends, were gathered, with the late ex-President Hayes in the chair. It was in this address that Mr Bruce first publicly announced his idea of a bronze statue of "Lincoln Freeing the Slave," as a fitting monument in Great Britain—this being the final act of Saxon freedom. Mr Henry R. Heath, a veteran and lifelong friend of the Consul, was present. He entered

heartily into the idea, and was made chairman of the committee of arrangements. Estimates for the monument ranged from six thousand to eight thousand dollars. The contract was awarded to Mr George E. Bissell, a well-known sculptor and army veteran. Mr Bissell estimated the exact cost of the bronze figures at four thousand dollars, and agreed to furnish them at this price if necessary. The granite work was estimated at about one thousand dollars: proposals came in varying from about one thousand to twenty-four hundred dollars. Messrs Stewart M'Glashen & Son, of Edinburgh, undertook the stone-work and lettering for about nine hundred dollars. Mr Bruce then issued a prospectus with a picture of the proposed monument, and, before taking the steamer for Edinburgh last November, personally saw thirty men who agreed to give one hundred dollars each. During the months of December, January, and February, the amount subscribed reached six thousand dollars, which is gratifying to the Committee, as it enables the sculptor to get some recompense besides fame for his labour. Thus, in ten months after announcement, the work was accomplished, and the monument was unveiled

Mr Geo. E. Bissell.

on Monday, 4.30 P.M., August 21st. It is fifteen feet in height, Lincoln in bronze, life-size, with freed slave at his feet, and battle-flags also in bronze, base of polished red Aberdeen granite. Sir William Arrol, a true Scot and a self-made man, such a man as Lincoln would like to have known, was fittingly selected as chairman. A few years since Sir William Arrol was given the freedom of Ayr, and in his speech said, "Thirty years ago I walked through your burgh with my blacksmith tools, asking for work." Hundreds and thousands of Americans to-day look at his great Forth Bridge, a triumph of modern engineering. Mr Bruce, in inviting him, as chairman of the ceremony, fittingly said, "It is the problem of the future to bridge wide oceans and make one family of all nations. Your presence as chairman will rivet another link between our two great English-speaking nations." In the absence of the Honourable Chauncey M. Depew, who had promised to give the address, and fully expected to be present until the last moment, Mr Wallace Bruce presented the monument to the city. It has been a work of love on the part of the United States Consul. The idea was happy, and it has been gracefully executed. It will stand as a monument of love to old Scotia, and will form another link of friendship and goodwill between the nations.

CONCEPTION AND COMPLETION

HAVING had my attention called to articles in the 'New York Commercial Advertiser' of July 26 and 29, 1893, giving a kindly but misleading account of the conception and completion of the monument, it has been deemed proper to place the real facts on record.

The article of July 26 stated that Mr Henry R. Heath "was instrumental in initiating the movement which resulted in the erection of the statue." The article of the 29th stated that I had "asked the authorities in Washington to give it their consideration, but had failed;" also that "three thousand dollars were raised" in the United States, and "two thousand dollars in Scotland." I also read in the columns of the 'Daily on the St Lawrence' of August 8, "that the plan was conceived last summer" on one of the islands there. Not one of the above statements is

correct. The authorities in Washington were never referred to for a subscription. Only two hundred dollars were raised from people in Scotland. One of these gentlemen was born in Connecticut, the other in New York. The entire sum was subscribed by Americans and Scottish-Americans as a gift from America to Scotland. The fact is that the monument was conceived in Edinburgh in 1890, as shown in the following letter from Hon. Andrew Carnegie:—

New York, *November* 25, 1890.

My dear Mr Bruce,—Certainly. Put me down for two hundred dollars if you go on with project, for which I have nothing but praise.—Yours very truly,

Andrew Carnegie.

Wallace Bruce, Consul,
United States Consulate, Edinburgh.

During the next two years I wrought out in my mind the entire plan, even to the character of the monument, and talked with several prominent gentlemen from the United States who called at the Consulate, several of them expressing willingness to aid when subscriptions were needed. On July 25, 1892, I applied for a plot of ground, which was afterwards granted by the Town Council; and I arrived in New York on August 14. I made my first public announcement of the project on August 21 — Grand

IN OLD CALTON BURYING-GROUND.

Army Day at Chautauqua. Mr Henry R. Heath, a life-long friend, was present. I asked him if he would serve as Chairman of the Committee, and he kindly consented. This was the first intimation that he ever had of the monument, nearly two years after the matter was decided upon. I make this statement clear, as he is desirous of having the matter correctly presented, and has advised me that he has no idea who could have furnished so erroneous an account.

As an exciting political campaign was in progress, nothing further was done until the evening of November 8, when I called on the Honourable Levi P. Morton at his beautiful "Ellerslie" on the Hudson. I showed him my plans and asked him to start the subscription list, which he cordially did—thus propitiously opening a list for a memorial to Scottish-American soldiers in Scotland at "Ellerslie," named after the home of Sir William Wallace. For the next twenty days I went forward with my work, securing individual subscriptions in New York, Brooklyn, and along the Hudson. The chief difficulty was in finding people at home in those lovely Indian summer days, not in securing their co-operation when found. I was booked to return to my post by the City of Paris, November 23. The afternoon before sailing the Committee met. I had only three thousand dollars actually subscribed, and a

few others promised. The sculptor's contracts were to be signed that afternoon. The business men of the Committee very naturally thought the matter was hopeless. It was the only dark hour in the history of the undertaking. I then signed a paper, at their request, releasing the Committee from all financial responsibility, and promised to complete the work unaided. The sculptor saw me at six o'clock in the morning before the steamer sailed, and at once set about the model in order to have it finished the following August.

A few days before this meeting of the Committee, I had met by appointment Colonel Andrew D. Baird at Mr Heath's home in Brooklyn, and again at a dinner given by the General Grant Army Post, where Colonel Baird promised me five names representing 500 dollars. Hon. J. B. White, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, who had already subscribed 100 dollars unsolicited, from a notice which he had seen in a newspaper, wrote me soon after my return to Edinburgh, saying that if I needed more money he could secure me 500, which he soon accomplished. Judge Lynde Harrison, of New Haven, who with Mr John Beattie of Connecticut had each subscribed 100 dollars, advised me of three other names, making other 500 dollars. Mr Peter M'Ewan, brother of Sergeant M'Ewan, in addition to his own subscription, and the Caledonian Club of Chicago, secured two other

subscribers. Hon. Andrew Carnegie, when he saw the plan called for only 100-dollar subscriptions, sent the name of a friend to take the other 100, and would have raised any balance I desired. But no more was needed. The amount reached 6300 dollars, enabling the Committee to give the sculptor 5000 dollars instead of 4000, which had been estimated by him at the cost price.

Each of the other subscriptions I secured by personal interview or by letter. It made indeed a long winter of letter-writing and of business detail—a winter without time for a single poem ; but I am glad to think that a monument to Lincoln in the most beautiful city in the world, and the first monument of the great statesman erected in Europe, is the best poem of my life: and I desire to thank each subscriber for the cordial generosity which has brought the work to a successful conclusion.

WALLACE BRUCE.

LETTERS OF INTEREST.

FROM a large bundle of correspondence the following three letters are selected, which seem of special interest: from the Rev. Mr Nichols, relating to Sergeant John M'Ewan; from Mr Joseph Stewart of the 79th Regiment, New York Highlanders; and from Mr Robert Bruce, Pendleton, Oregon.

SUNDANCE, WYO., *Jan.* 18, 1893.

HON. WALLACE BRUCE,
U.S. Consulate.

I am requested by Mrs Margaret M'Ewan, of 61 South Back, Edinburgh, to write to you, giving you a brief history of John M'Ewan, now buried at Edinburgh, Scotland. I was in the same company with him. He enlisted as a private in Co. H, 65th Regt. Ill. Vol. Infantry. We were known as the "Scotch Regiment;" at first none but Scotch, or near descendants, being ad-

mitted. When he was mustered out in June—I think 1865—he was a sergeant. He was a good soldier—we had none better—always sober, and always ready for duty. If he knew what *fear* was, he never showed it. He was in several battles: among the number were Harper's Ferry, 1862, siege of Knoxville, all through the Atlanta campaign, Columbia, Franklin, Nashville, Fort Anderson (near Fort Fisher), and on up to Raleigh. Colonel Daniel Cameron, of Chicago, was our first colonel; Walter Scott Stewart our second. Captain M'Donald was our first captain; James Miller our second,—all Scotchmen. We ran out of Scotch before we had filled the regiment, and Co. I was composed of Germans. John M'Ewan deserves especial mention for the courage he ever exhibited. I have seen him in very close quarters several times, but he never shirked or exhibited a white feather. I would be glad to have his name mentioned as a brave soldier.

If I have not furnished all you desire, will be glad to answer any questions you may propound.—I am, yours respectfully, MELVIN NICHOLS.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., *July* 21, 1893.

MY DEAR CONSUL,—Yours of July 4 to Col. Baird was handed to me yesterday, and to answer the same. He informs me that he has sent his check to Mr

Heath. As regards article requested by you, he desires me to say that I call your attention to 'History of 79th Regt.,' pages 154-163 and 389-398; and as regards other Scotch regts., we know of none being in the service other than our own. The 65th Ills. had a large number of Scotchmen in it, but was not known as a Scotch organisation. As regards the 79th, during our four years' service we had about 1800 men—loss, 500; never lost a flag, but captured three from the enemy. I think you can obtain all you require from our book, which I presume you have with you. Col. Baird requests that you kindly send him a copy of the papers containing an account of the exercises upon the unveiling. He also desires to be kindly remembered to yourself and wife, and please accept the same from yours sincerely,

JOSEPH STEWART.

P.S.—Oh how I should like to meet you on that day on old Calton Hill! J. S.

WALLACE BRUCE,
United States Consul.

PENDLETON, OREGON, U.S.A., *Nov.* 16, 1892.

DEAR SIR,—I read in the 'National Tribune,' Washington, D.C., that you had received a plot in Calton

Hill Cemetery from the Scottish capital (Edinburgh Town), for the erection of a monument to Scottish soldiers who fought for the American Union, and have returned to Scotland to end their days there. I am a Scotch-American soldier, and played when a child all over the Calton Hill. I served in the Western Union army from 1861 until January 1868—three years of that in the regular army after the war. When I read the above article, and to think a man the name of Wallace Bruce—two names so dear to the Scottish heart (my poor old Scotch heart gave way, and I had a good cry all to myself)—was the means of getting up the idea of a monument to show to the world that Scotia's sons can fight for liberty yet. Noble sons of noble sires, born of a nation that never was conquered. Again, America, like Scotland, *never* was conquered. I am sixty-four years of age, broken down; but if I had it in my power, my bones would lie in Calton Hill too. I suppose my name can't go on that monument? All my kindred lie in Scottish ground, and although I love America better than my life, I must be pardoned for loving Scotland too. May every success attend your enterprise is the prayer of ROBERT BRUCE.

P.S.—My wife is full cousin to Professor Donald M'Kinnon of the Edinburgh University. R. B.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

EACH of the following gentlemen subscribed one hundred dollars to the undertaking:—

Levi P. Morton,	New York City.
Wm. Walter Phelps,	"
Cornelius Vanderbilt,	"
Andrew Carnegie,	"
Alexander King,	"
Charles Stewart Smith,	"
John S. Kennedy,	"
William Rockefeller,	"
John Sloane,	"
William Clark,	"
J. Pierpont Morgan,	"
E. C. Benedict,	"
James H. Benedict,	"
Wm. Waldorf Astor,	"
Daniel Appleton,	"
Harper & Bros.,	"
J. Kennedy Tod,	"
John B. Dutcher,	"
Solomon Turck,	"
Caledonian Club,	"
Henderson Bros.,	"
Merritt & Ronaldson,	"
David A. Boody,	Brooklyn, N.Y.
John Arbuckle,	"
Henry R. Heath,	"
Francis H. Wilson,	"
Andrew D. Baird,	"

Andrew R. Baird,	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Alexander S. Baird,	"
William W. Baird,	"
Joseph Stewart,	"
Henry L. Young,	Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Andrew Smith,	"
John Donald,	"
Wallace Bruce,	"
Robert Clark,	Chicago, Ill.
Peter M'Ewan,	"
A. M. Wright & Co.,	"
Caledonian Club,	"
Geo. Peabody Wetmore,	Newport, R.I.
James Coats,	Pawtucket, R.I.
Peter Kinnear,	Albany, N.Y.
J. E. Munger,	Fishkill, N.Y.
S. D. Coykendall,	Rondout, N.Y.
J. Watts de Peyster,	Tivoli, N.Y.
Edwin B. Sheldon,	Delhi, N.Y.
Geo. E. Lemon,	Washington, D.C.
Nathan Bickford,	"
R. B. Leuchars,	Boston, Mass.
Henry Norwell,	"
W. J. Murphy,	Phœnix, Arizona.
J. B. White,	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Edward White,	"
David C. Bell,	Minneapolis, Minn.
Alex. M'Donald,	Cincinnati, O.
Lynde Harrison,	New Haven, Ct.
John Beattie,	Leets Island, Ct.
Thomas Waddell,	West Pittston, Pa.
John Young,	Jersey City, New Jersey.
Geo. W. Childs,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Franklin Fairbanks,	St Johnsbury, Vt.
William E. Bartlett,	Edinburgh, Scotland.
S. M. Burroughs,	London, England.
Total,	$6,300.

FINANCIAL REPORT.

STATEMENT of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Scottish-American Soldiers' Monument Committee, consisting of Henry R. Heath, *Chairman*, Mr Wallace Bruce, and Mr Francis H. Wilson, in relation to a monument in the Old Calton Burying-Ground to Scottish-American Soldiers of the Civil War, unveiled August 21, 1893.

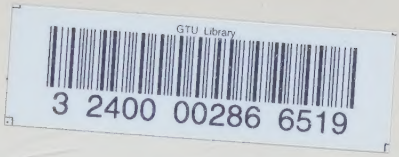
Received from Subscribers,		$6,300
Expended as under—		
Mr Geo. E. Bissell, Sculptor,	$5,000	
Messrs Stewart M'Glashen & Son, Edinburgh, for Scotch granite and mason-work,	890.29	
Messrs Blackwood & Sons, Publishers, Edinburgh, for Book descriptive of Proceedings, Circulars, &c.,	240.60	
Stenographic Report of Day's Proceedings,	35.00	
Photographs, Drawings, and Photo-Engravings,	67.50	
Advertisement in Newspapers of Order of Ceremony, Aug. 21, 1893,	10.00	
Carriages for the Day, Decorations, and Incidental Expenses,	29.50	
		6,272.89
Balance on hand to be applied for engraving Soldiers' Names on Monument,		$27.11

WALLACE BRUCE,
On behalf of Committee.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

DATE DUE

GAYLORD	PRINTED IN U.S.A.



GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-2500

All items are subject to recall.